

Gather in the Sheaves-Ira Sankey

Words: Fanny Crosby, 1895

Music: Ira Sankey

In the early morning,
Verdant fields adorning,
While the golden sunlight
Wakes the dewy leaves.
Haste we now with gladness,
Banish care and sadness;
Go and help the reapers
Gather in the sheaves.

Refrain

Gather in the sheaves,
Gather in the sheaves,
While the voice of nature
Sweetest music breathes:
Hear the Master calling,
Hear the echoes falling;
Go and help the reapers,
Gather in the sheaves.

When the days are brightest,
When our hearts are lightest,
When the lovely summer
Fairest beauty weaves.
In the noontide beaming,
In the twilight gleaming,
Go and help the reapers
Gather in the sheaves.

Refrain

Should our way be dreary,
Let us never weary,
Earnest, faithful labor
Greatest joy receives.
Though we toil in sorrow,
Soon will dawn the morrow,
When we'll cross the river
Bearing home the sheaves.

Refrain